

How Sleep the Brave.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blessed?
When spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
There shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod;
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
Then hush, and silence, and complete
Rest come, and peace, and sweet reprieve,
And Freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

MEDORA'S MASQUERADE.

"Aunt Polly Pennyworth—dead—
and a hundred thousand dollars!"

Medora Seetbough dropped the letter she was reading, and stared at her mother and sisters in stupefied amazement.

Neighbor Stebbins, who had dropped in to borrow a cup of "emptin's," opened her eyes in wondering sympathy.

"Left the hull on it to you, Medora?" she questioned, half incredulously.

"Left the hull on it to Medora?" put in Mrs. Sweetbough, "perched she marries that there nephew of Aunt Polly's first husband—Ben—Benoni Goldacre."

"But I don't want to marry him," pouted Medora, willfully, "and I won't!"

"What on earth!" cried her mother, aghast, "throw away a forchin like that! Be you out of your senses, child?"

"What hev you got in him, any way, Medora?" asked Neighbor Stebbins, curiously. "Have you ever seed him?"

"No; but I'm sure he's old and ugly. He's got such a horrid name—Benoni! Ugh!"

"Why, la, that ain't nothin'! A name wouldn't hinder me, if 'twas Beebeebub!" declared the visitor, reassuringly.

But Medora only shrugged her shoulders.

Aunt Polly might hev remembered there was others in the family besides Medora," grumbled the elder sister, Cerintha. "It would hev done some good if she had left some of her money to me!"

"Yes, but, Cerintha, you wouldn't let Aunt Polly have any eggs to eat when she come to see us," put in Tabitha, the youngest sister, "cause you said they was a shilling a dozen, and you wanted to sell 'em. And Medora gave her all her banty's eggs, and—"

"Hold your tongue, miss, will you?" ordered the older Miss Sweetbough, crustily. "I didn't know she had a hundred thousand dollars and a big house in York State, did I? Aunt Polly dressed like a beggar, and let on she was as poor as a church mouse, and she hadn't ought to expect to hev expected any better treatment."

Medora persisted in her refusal to accept Mr. Benoni Goldacre, much to her mother's vexation.

"It won't do no harm to see him," she declared; "and mebbe he won't be so humbly, after all."

"He will—I know he will!" asserted Medora, obstinately. "But I may as well go and hear the will read, seing Lawyer Hogbee has sent me a round ticket; and then I can tell Mr. Benoni to his face that I won't marry him."

"Yes, and lose the hull forchin!" groaned her mother. "When, if you'd only wait, Medora, mebbe he might back out, and—"

"And refuse me! Quite likely," laughed Medora, casting a satisfied glance at the reflection of her pretty face in the mirror.

And a very pretty face indeed, with amber-tinted curls and cheeks as pink as a half-blown moss-rose.

"But never mind. I'll wait and give him a chance, anyway. And if he don't refuse me, it won't be my fault," she added to herself; for a bright thought had flashed into her busy brain.

Why could she not disguise herself in such a ludicrous way that Mr. Benoni Goldacre would be glad to refuse her.

"Aunt Polly set me the example, anyway," she thought to herself, consolingly, "and I may as well do a little masquerading, too."

And much pleased with the thought of her intended deception, Medora hurried to her room, to pick out the shabbiest dress she could find for her disguise.

A cast-off "hair-switch" of Cerintha's was also appropriated, with sundry other articles.

On the appointed day, Lawyer Hogbee performed the necessary introduction between the prospective heirs, who stared at each other curiously. Mr. Goldacre beheld a dowdy-looking female, in a shabby dress of bottle-green alpaca, with spectacles of the same hue astride her nose; and a mop of dull, brick-red hair, straggling from a tawdry gilt "tucking" comb, fell in an unsightly whisp over her soiled collar.

"Heavens!" thought Mr. Benoni Goldacre, "I shall certainly decline."

On her part, notwithstanding her already-formed opinion, Medora was seriously disappointed in the person before her.

"Dear me, what an antediluvian he is!" she thought, in dismay. "I knew he'd be old and ugly, but I didn't expect quite such a fright. Of course, I shall refuse."

And she wrote to her mother and sisters after the interview:

"He's a regular scarecrow, with tow-colored hair and gray whiskers a foot long, and a shabby old coat, that

looked like it had come out of the ark. I shall have to refuse him, for I could see by his looks that there's no hope of his refusing me. Lawyer Hogbee gave us till to-day to make up our minds and give him an answer; and I am going to take mine down when I go to post this letter. You can look for me home the day after to-morrow."

"Well, it does seem too bad, when we need money so much," sighed Mrs. Sweetbough, wearily; "but I don't reckon it kin be helped. Tain't no ways likely the man would refuse Medora; and we couldn't expect her to marry such a looking man."

"Fiddlesticks! what difference does looks make?" sniffed Cerintha, crustily. "If Aunt Polly Pennyworth had a left her money to me, in place her, I wouldn't hev refused him if he'd a been humbly as a mud fence."

And Miss Cerintha's thin lips and sharp nose wore a look of chronic injury at the conduct of the deceased Aunt Polly.

Medora wrote her answer with careful precision, sealed it in a cream-colored envelope, and directed it to Lawyer Hogbee in her best chirography.

"I'll carry it to him myself," she thought.

And in a very determined frame of mind she reached Lawyer Hogbee's office.

A young man who was writing at a desk received her courteously.

"Mr. Hogbee has not come in yet; he will be here presently."

And he placed a chair for the visitor, casting an admiring glance at the amber curls and dimpled, pink-tinted cheeks.

"How nice he is!" thought Medora. "If that horrid Benoni had only been like that!"

For the young man was tall and broad-shouldered, with a blonde moustache and handsome garnet-brown eyes.

"Hello—hello! Beg pardon, madam—or miss! In one moment, please!"

It was Lawyer Hogbee, bustling in with his hands full of papers and a pen over his ear.

"Well, Goldacre, what's wanting?" he asked, slapping the young man on the back.

Medora started, half doubting the lawyer's sanity; but the young man seemed no ways disconcerted.

"Oh, I dropped in to bring my answer to that will business. The lady is welcome to the money. I shall refuse, of course!"

"Tut, tut, man; don't be in such a hurry!" cried the bustling lawyer, shrewdly. "Give the lady a chance first. Perhaps she will refuse."

"Not a bit of it," was the smiling reply. "I could tell by her looks she intended to snap at the golden bait like a trout after a fly."

"Indeed, sir!" Medora's voice fairly quivered with indignation. "You can judge by this whether I meant to snap at the bait."

And she flung her letter down before her astonished auditors.

Mr. Goldacre was the first to recover his self-possession.

"So it seems you were en masque as well as myself," he returned, coolly. "Under the circumstances, Miss Sweetbough, I claim the privilege of reversing my decision."

"I shall not!" retorted Medora. "I refused you when I thought you were a grisly old ogre, and I refuse you now!"

And she flounced indignantly from the room.

Before she reached her room, however, she was in a more penitent mood.

"He was handsome," she declared, with a bashful look. "And I'd marry him if he was as poor as Job's turkey, only—"

"Only what?" said a voice at her ear, and the subject of her thoughts stood beside her. "You were talking aloud to yourself, and so did not hear me," he exclaimed. "But now, Cousin Medora—for we are distant cousins, you know want you reverse that decision, after all? Since you have refused me, and the property is all mine," he added, wickedly, "you can't accuse me of mercenary motives, you know."

And, softened by his pleading, Medora finally consented to say "Yes."

"—and so it's a-cending just right, after all," commented worthy Mrs. Sweetbough, delightedly, as she read a second letter more satisfactory than the first. "And Medora's a-goin' to send us a hull box of pervisions, and a bran-new silk frock apiece. How thankful we ought to be!"

And so they were, all but Cerintha, who still felt aggrieved that Aunt Polly had not left her money to her.

—Saturday Night.

David Davis on Roller Skates.

It is alleged that David Davis visited a roller skating rink at Bloomington and became so enthusiastic that he insisted on putting on a pair of skates. Before the proprietor would permit him to go on the floor he posted the following notice: "Children must not approach within seven feet of the senator. The proprietor will not be responsible for accidents." Mr. Davis complains of the loneliness of his situation after being shooed out into the room on his rollers. A large number of windows and crockery about town were smashed in just five minutes after the senator started out to skate. Some people can't sit down suddenly without making a fuss of some kind.

Keeping Off Officers.

An instance of how successfully cunning may evade the officers of justice is exemplified in the case of an old dorky at New Orleans recently who had committed some sort of offence, and was in hourly expectation of a visit from the police.

To prevent this, he procured a yellow flag and hung it out at his door. "Small-pox" in the house was an effectual preventive of any intrusive visits. Weeks went by and still the yellow flag fluttered from the door post. The officers grew impatient, and at last one more adventurous than the rest knocked at the door.

"Who dar?"

"Officers! Open, in the name of the law."

"Golly, boss, got de small-pox."

"That won't do. You were seen up on the street last night."

"Yes, I know, boss; but I has him in de day time."

"I don't believe it, and am coming in."

"Better stay out, boss! catch the small-pox shore."

The officer persisted in coming in, and the old fox was caught in his lair, looking sleek and marvelously well. With a broad grin on his face, he saluted the officer with the remark:

"You didn't catch de small-pox, boss, but you catch me."

It is needless to say that the yellow flag was taken down.

A Loving Couple.

"Mos' married folks quarrels more or less," remarked Uncle Mose; "but I knows a man and his wife what hasn't had a furse fur de las' five years."

"Am dey libin togedder?"

"Sartinly! Dey lib in de same house. She goes off ebery mawnin' and washes by de day."

"But p'raps dey quarrels at night. How does you know dey don't?"

"Dey don't hab a bit o' trouble, I tells yer. She am out washin' all day, and her husband, he am night watchman in a big sto' on Austin avenue. He goes off before she comes home, and he don't get back in de mawnin' until she has done gone out washin'. Dat's been goin' on fur de las' five years, and de fust cross word hasn't passed between 'em yit."

He Was Not Proud.

Two gentlemen were waiting to order their dinner in an Austin restaurant.

"Just look at that waiter how he throws his head back and turns up his nose. He must be very proud," said one of the gentlemen.

"Oh, no; he is not proud. You notice he is carrying an omelette and some fish to the gentleman in the corner."

"The eggs that the omelette is made of were probably not very fresh, or, perhaps it's the fish that smells badly, or perhaps both, and that causes the waiter to throw his head back, so he will avoid the smell. I know that waiter personally. He is very clever fellow, and is not stuck up in the least. There is not a particle of pride about him."

"Well then we won't order any eggs or fish at this establishment."

Wouldn't Do.

"Yes, I do want a collector," said the millinery man, "but I don't think a lady would suit me."

"Why not?" asked the female applicant, "I could not only do your collecting, but also assist in the store, for I am well versed in this business."

"That may be, but there is another great objection."

"What is it."

"Well, I don't think a woman could make a first-class collector."

"Give me your reasons."

"Because," answered the merchant, as he grinned a raise-the-plumes-fifty cents-a-piece smile, "because women's work is dun, you know."

A Matter of Religion.

Two mud sews collided in the East River, New York, the other day. One of them filled and went down. The captain of the sunken craft struggled in the water.

"Kin ye swim?" roared the other captain from his scow.

"No. Saye me av yer a man," cried the man in the water.

"Phat religion are ye?"

"As good a Proshytarian as iver ate mate on Friday. Save me, won't ye?"

"This boat is consecrated, an' ye'd sink her, ye Preshtytarian thafe o' the world. But here goes, and I'll swim wid ye in to the shore."

The Reason.

"Where's your wife, John?" asked a rural mother, of her son, who had been to the city.

"I haint got any."

"Why, you wrote us as how you's going to marry a rich York lady."

"So I was; but just as we was about to be made one a policeman came in and took the gal off for stealing; and I shouldn't try to marry another New York lady, if she was worth her weight in gold."

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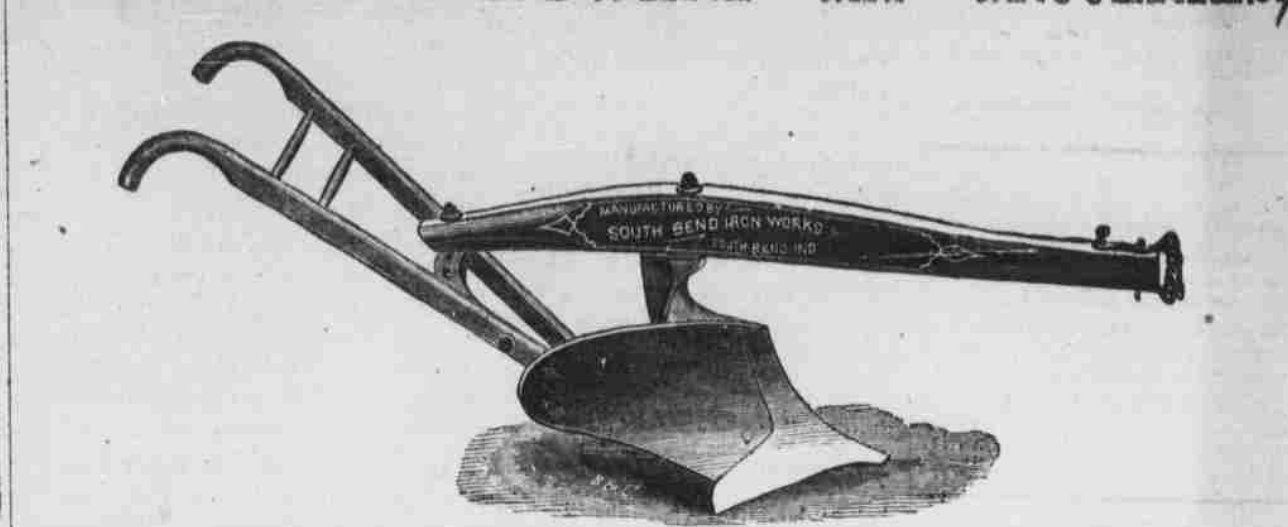
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HUNT & LIDE.

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